

*Ref.* Peace I say; good euen to your friend.  
*Cor.* And to you gentle Sir, and to you all.  
*Ref.* I prethee Shepheard, if that loue or gold  
 Can in this desert place buy entertainment;  
 Bring vs where we may rest our selues, and feed:  
 Here's a yong maid with trauaile much oppressed,  
 And faines for succour.  
*Cor.* Faire Sir, I pittie her,  
 And wish for her sake more then for mine owne,  
 My fortunes were more able to releue her:  
 But I am shepheard to another man,  
 And do not sheere the Fleeces that I graze:  
 My master is of churlish disposition,  
 And little wreakes to finde the way to heauen  
 By doing deeds of hospitalitie.  
 Besides his Coate, his Flockes, and bounds of feede  
 Are now on sale, and at our sheep-coat now  
 By reason of his absence there is nothing  
 That you will feed on: but what is, come see,  
 And in my voice most welcome shall you be.  
*Ref.* What is he that shall buy his flocke and pasture?  
*Cor.* That yong Swaine that you saw heere but ere-  
 while,  
 That little cares for buying any thing.  
*Ref.* I pray thee, if it stand with honestie,  
 Buy thou the Cottage, pasture, and the flocke,  
 And thou shalt haue to pay for it of vs.  
*Cor.* And we will mend thy wages:  
 I like this place, and willingly could  
 Waste my time in it.  
*Cor.* Assuredly the thing is to be sold:  
 Go with me, if you like vpon report,  
 The soile, the profit, and this kinde of life,  
 I will your very faithfull Feeder be,  
 And buy it with your Gold right sodainly.

## Scena Quinta.

Enter, Amyens, Jaques, &amp; others.

Song.

*Vnder the Greene wood tree,  
 who loues to lye with mee,  
 And turne his merrie Note,  
 vnto the sweet Birds throte:  
 Come hisher, come hisher, come hisher:  
 Heere shall he see no enimie,  
 But Winter and rough Weather.*

*Iaq.* More, more, I prethee more.  
*Amy.* It will make you melancholly Monsieur Jaques.  
*Iaq.* I thanke it: More, I prethee more,  
 I can sucke melancholly out of a song,  
 As a Weazel suckes egges: More, I prethee more.  
*Amy.* My voice is ragged, I know I cannot please  
 you.  
*Iaq.* I do not desire you to please me,  
 I do desire you to sing:  
 Come, more, another Stanzo: Cal you'em Stanzo's?  
*Amy.* What you wil Monsieur Jaques.  
*Iaq.* Nay, I care not for their names, they owe mee  
 nothing. Wil you sing?  
*Amy.* More at your request, then to please my selfe.  
*Iaq.* Well then, if euer I thanke any man, Ile thanke

you: but that they cal complement is like th encounter  
 of two dog-Apes. And when a man thankes me hartily,  
 me thinkes I haue giuen him a penie, and he renders me  
 the beggerly thankes. Come sing; and you that wil not  
 hold your tongues.

*Amy.* Wel, Ile end the song. Sirs, couer the while,  
 the Duke wil drinke vnder this tree; he hath bin all this  
 day to looke you.

*Iaq.* And I haue bin all this day to anoid him:  
 He is too disputeable for my companie:  
 I thinke of as many matters as he, but I giue  
 Heauen thankes, and make no boast of them.  
 Come, warble, come.

*Song.* *Altogether heere,*  
*who doth ambition shunne,*  
*and loues to lue i'th Sonne:*  
*Seeking the food he eates,*  
*and pleas'd with what he gets:*  
*Come hisher, come hisher, come hisher,*  
*Heere shall he see, &c.*

*Iaq.* Ile giue you a verse to this note,  
 That I made yesterday in despight of my Inuention.  
*Amy.* And Ile sing it.

*Amy.* Thus it goes.

*If it do come to passe, that any man turne Affe:*  
*Leauing his wealth and ease,*  
*A stubborne will to please,*  
*Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:*  
*Heere shall he see, grosse fooles as he,*  
*And if he will come to me.*

*Amy.* What's that Ducdame?

*Iaq.* 'Tis a Greeke inuocation, to call fooles into a cir-  
 cle. Ile go sleepe if I can: if I cannot, Ile raile against all  
 the first borne of Egypt.

*Amy.* And Ile go seeke the Duke,  
 His banket is prepar'd.

## Scena Sexta.

Enter Orlando, &amp; Adam.

*Adam.* Deere Master, I can go no further:  
 O Idie for food. Heere lie I downe,  
 And measure out my graue. Farwel kinde master.  
*Orl.* Why how now Adam? No greater heart in thee?  
 Liue a little, comfort a little, cheere thy selfe a little.  
 If this vncouth Forrest yeeld any thing sauage,  
 I wil either be food for it, or bring it for foode to thee:  
 Thy conceite is neerer death, then thy powers,  
 For my sake be comfortable, hold death a while  
 At the armes end: I wil heere be with thee presently,  
 And if I bring thee not something to eate,  
 I wil giue thee leaue to die: but if thou diest  
 Before I come, thou art a mocker of my labor.  
 Wel said, thou look'st cheereley,  
 And Ile be with thee quickly: yet thou liest  
 In the bleake aire. Come, I wil beare thee  
 To some shelter, and thou shalt not die  
 For lacke of a dinner,  
 If there liue any thing in this Desert.  
 Cheereley good Adam.

## Scena Septima.

Enter Duke Sen. &amp; Lord, like Out-lawes.

*Du. Sen.* I thinke he be transform'd into a beast,  
 For I can no where finde him, like a man.

*Lord.* My Lord, he is but euen now gone hence,  
 Heere was he merry, hearing of a Song.

*Du. Sen.* If he compact of iarres, grow Musically,  
 We shall haue shortly discord in the Spheares:  
 Go seeke him, tell him I would speake with him.

Enter Jaques.

*Lord.* He saues my labor by his owne approach.  
*Du. Sen.* Why how now Monsieur, what a life is this  
 That your poore friends must woe your companie,  
 What, you looke merrily.

*Iaq.* A Foole, a foole: I met a foole i'th Forrest,  
 A motley Foole (a miserable world:)  
 As I do liue by foode, I met a foole,  
 Who laid him downe, and bask'd him in the Sun,  
 And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good termes,  
 In good fee termes, and yet a motley foole.  
 Good morrow foole (quoth I): no Sir, quoth he,  
 Call me not foole, till heauen hath sent me fortune,  
 And then he drew a dial from his poake,  
 And looking on it, with lacke-lustre eye,  
 Sayes, very wisely, it is ten a clocke:  
 Thus we may see (quoth he) how the world waggess:  
 'Tis but an houre agoe, since it was nine,  
 And after one houre more, 'twill be eleuen,  
 And so from houre to houre, we ripe, and ripe,  
 And then from houre to houre, we rot, and rot,  
 And thereby hangs a tale. When I did heare  
 The motley Foole, thus morall on the time,  
 My Lungs began to crow like Chanticleere,  
 That Fooles should be so deepe contemplatiue:  
 And I did laugh, sans intermission  
 An houre by his diall. Oh noble foole,  
 A worthy foole: Morley's the onely weare.

*Du. Sen.* What foole is this?

*Iaq.* O worthe Foole: One that hath bin a Courtier  
 And sayes, if Ladies be but yong, and faire,  
 They haue the gift to know it: and in his braue,  
 Which is as drie as the remainder bisket  
 After a voyage: He hath strange places cram'd  
 With obseruation, the which he vents  
 In mangled formes. O that I were a foole,  
 I am ambitious for a motley coat.

*Du. Sen.* Thou shalt haue one.

*Iaq.* It is my onely suite,  
 Provided that you weed your better iudgements  
 Of all opinion that growes ranke in them,  
 That I am wise. I must haue liberty  
 Withall, as large a Charter as the winde,  
 To blow on whom I please, for so foolles haue:  
 And they that are most gauled with my folly,  
 They most must laugh: And why fir must they so?  
 The why is plaine, as way to Parish Church:  
 Hee, that a Foole dorn very wisely hit,  
 Doth very foolishly, although he smart,  
 Seeme senselesse of the bob. If not,  
 The Wife-mans folly is anathomiz'd  
 Euen by the squandering glances of the foole.

Inuest me in my motley  
 To speake my minde,  
 Cleanse the foule body  
 If they will patiently  
*Du. Sen.* Fit on thee  
*Iaq.* What, for a  
*Du. Sen.* Most mis-  
 For thou thy selfe hath  
 As sensuall as the bruti  
 And all th'imboisled fo  
 That thou with licens  
 Would'st thou disgorg  
*Iaq.* Why who cri  
 That can therein taxe  
 Doth it not flow as bu  
 Till that the wearie ve  
 What woman in the C  
 When that I say the C  
 The cost of Princes on  
 Who can come in, and  
 When such a one as sh  
 Or what is he of basel  
 That sayes his brauerie  
 Thinking that I mean  
 His folly to the merrle  
 There then, how then  
 My tongue hath wron  
 Then he hath wrong'd  
 why then my taxing  
 Vnclain'd of any man

Enter

Orl. Forbear, and

Iaq. Why I haue e

Orl. Nor shalt not

Iaq. Of what kind

Du. Sen. Art thou

Or else a rude despi

That in ciuility thou

Orl. You touch'd

Of bare distresse, hat

Of smoothe ciuility: y

And know some nouri

He dies that touches a

Till I, and my affairs

Iaq. And you will

I must dye.

Du. Sen. What w

Your gentleness shall

Moue vs to gentleness

Orl. I almost die

Du. Sen. Sit down

Orl. Speake you fo

I thought that all thin

And therefore put i

Of sterne command'm

That in this desert in

Vnder the shade of m

Loose, and peggled t

If euer you haue look

If euer beene where b

If euer fate at any go

And know what 'tis to

Let gentleness my st

In the which hope, I